THE POISONED WINE—*Last of the Don Q. Stories*—By H. Hesketh Prichard

THE beginning of this chronicle must be started far from the mountains in which Don Q. ruled, and in no other place than the office of one of the chiefs of the secret service in Madrid.

The officials of this service were talking together. The senior, with hair en brosse and a heavy-limbed figure, sat behind a large desk. His companion, a man of slighter build, had come in with some papers of official routine and remained for conversation.

"Yes, yes," said the older man, who was known in the service as El Jefe, or the Chief, "but I think that you do not allow sufficiently for the fact that hitherto it is the military who have dealt with him—or rather you have attempted to deal with him—and not our service. I imagine that Don Q. will find us rather more subtle antagonists than those he has been used to."

"I quite agree that hitherto Don Q. has had no such man laid upon this trail as you, Senor Jefe, but what looks easy here in Madrid assumes the aspect of the impossible when one approaches the mountains."

"How so?" demanded the chief. "And what do you know of it?"

"I am a native of Almeria myself," said his companion, "and that is not so far from the sierra, and at one time or another I have passed as close as most men to the mountains in which Don Q. has his lair. I assure you that there is not a goatherd nor a charcoal burner, a herdsmen nor a muleteer who does not seem to have sworn allegiance to him. His system of intelligence is admirable."

"Exactly. Nearly all the plans that have been made against him have been made and discussed in the towns under the mountain and tongues have wagged a little loosely. But on this occasion, the plans will be made in this office here in Madrid, and I do not think that much of what is said in this office is repeated outside."

"Then you have a plan?"

"Certainly."

"And may I be permitted to inquire?"

The chief looked up. "It is possible that you may. Let me see, how long have you worked here?"

"Ten years."

"And your grade is No. 2, is it not?"

"Yes, Senor Jefe."

"And you would like it to become No. 1?"

"Assuredly."

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THE chief rose, went to the door, opened it, looked out and closed it again.

"I have what the French call your dossier here," said he as he sat down again. "You have had a varied career, Senor Angreuz."

The man called Angreuz flushed.

"I have served this department faithfully," said he, "for six years."

"And the department has repaid you well," replied the chief, his eyes upon the dossier. "If you had not taken service with me then, you would have found yourself helping to build one of those charming breakwaters in Africa. And that would have been a great comedown for a man who once held a commission, as you did. Did you not, senor?"

"If it is in the papers before you, I have no doubt it is so. This department never makes mistakes, does it?" said Angreuz, not without a sneer.

"Not many," replied the chief imperturbably, "and I trust I am not making one now when I give you the mission I am about to propose to you. Down there in Andalusia is Don Q. He has of late become impossible. The military have done their best and have failed. The matter has passed into my hands, and you know what I did, my dear Senor Angreuz?"

"I have not an idea."

"I lay awake for two hours and thought the matter over, and then I said to myself, 'Who is the man in the secret service who has the best qualifications for this mission?' And after weighing every name I finally decided upon you."

"I am gratified."

"You need not be," said the chief genially, "for I might have put my question another way. 'Who is the man who has the fewest scruples?' You have not many scruples, have you, senor? At least, I judge by this——" And the chief tapped the dossier for the third time.

"When I serve it is with my whole heart," replied Angreuz.

"Exactly. Well, you will need all your heart, your cunning and your courage if you are to carry through this mission successfully. I can give you three months. At the end of that time Don Q.'s activities must have ceased."

"Have you any plan to suggest by which I might bring that about?"

"None. I do not presume to suggest a plan to so capable a subordinate. I merely indicate your reward. If you succeed there is the blood-money which is set upon Don Q., and that is a large sum, besides which you will be promoted to grade 1. In fact, if you succeed, you are a made man. By the way, I ought to have asked you before—are you willing to accept the mission?"

"Yes. But there are certain conditions."

"Name them."

"Firstly, I shall want money for expenses."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand pesetas."

"That is an immense sum," said the chief slowly. "I really think that I cannot authorize that expenditure unless you tell me why it is necessary."

Angreuz for the first time smiled.

"It is necessary for my success," said he.

"You have already formed a plan?"

"I have long had one. I have always known how Don Q. Might be brought to book. But my plan necessitates my making a good appearance and even investing some money."

The chief looked at him gravely.

"I presume you mean that you will not tell me your plan?"

"I will tell you if you wish," said his subordinate. "But in this case it seems to me wiser that I should say nothing. You have given me a free hand before, and I do not think you have ever regretted it."

"As you wish," said the chief. "Well, you have your mission and here is an order on which you may draw ten thousand pesetas in the usual way, and I do not wish to see you again until you have succeeded."

Without any more words, Senor Angreuz left the room.

The chief rose from his desk and pulled the window open wider, drew a deep breath and lit a cigarette. It was as if he wished to cleanse the room from an evil presence.

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SO the Senor Angreuz faded away from Madrid and from the precincts of the secret service offices and a little later turned up in Seville.

Into all his doings and peregrinations for the next fortnight it is not necessary for us to explore, but we will pick him up again in the little town of Lerma on the other side of the mountains.

He was quite changed now from the man we have hitherto seen, and had on a sombrero hat and a black coat and wore black leather leggings into which his trousers were thrust. He still used his own name, but that was quite unknown in this district, and he had reverted to a trade he had once plied—that of a buyer of wine.

Although Senor Angreuz traveled widely in the foothills of the mountains, he did not at once visit the vineyard on which his heart was from the first set.

This vineyard was owned by a Senor Angeolo and was famous as growing the best wine in all the district. It was an incident which occurred and which came to Angreuz's ears which caused him to desire much to meet the proprietor of this vineyard. For it was told that Senor Angeolo, when he sent his wine to market, dispatched it by mule across the foothills and that from time to time Don Q. would swoop down and help himself to half a hundred bottles; but, it was added, that there was always very good feeling between the wine grower and the bandit.

So it came about that late one evening Senor Angreuz knocked upon the door of Senor Angeolo, who lived in a straggling, sun-baked house around which the leaves upon a few olive trees crackled in the parching winds.

What passed at first between the two



"NOW, SENOR, I BEG THAT YOU DRINK A GLASS OF WINE."

men does not concern us, for their earlier meetings were simply on Senor Angreuz's part, a campaign toward an end which he already had in view.

On the third day he bought a consignment of wine from Senor Angeolo, and it was this purchase which led to the conversation which carries our history forward.

The two men were sitting after dinner on the piazza of the wine-grower's house.

"And now, my dear sir," Angreuz was saying, "I have bought the wine and I am waiting for you to tell me how I am to get it to my consignee in Seville."

"Nothing is easier," said Senor Angeolo, a genial-looking man with a large beard, "for I shall be delighted to lend you, for a consideration, my mule train."

"Your mule train?" repeated Angreuz.

"Exactly, for I always send my wine over the foothills in that manner."

"Is it safe?"

"It always arrives."

"Undepleted?"

Angeolo laughed. "I see what you mean," said he. "It is quite true that once in every three or four trips Don Q. takes his little toll, but as he lightened my pack-train by fifty bottles on their last journey, I have no doubt that your consignment will go across safely enough."

"Caramba!" said Senor Angreuz. "You say that this brigand robs you regularly?"

"As regularly as the mail," replied Angeolo, smiling.

"And you make no protest?"

"None."

"Why?"

Angeolo gave another of his hearty laughs.

"I live under the mountains," said he, "and I can assure you that Don Q. and I are very good friends. He is a most courtly person."

"Then you have seen him?" demanded Angreuz, a suspicion of excitement in his voice.

"But certainly," replied the other. "If ever he passes this way he does me the honor to step in and take a meal with me. He is a very good judge of wine, truly a connoisseur. Indeed, he says that my vats have better stuff in them than any others in the country."

Senor Angreuz nodded his head. "And I thoroughly believe he is right," said he. "You and I must do more business together. I will give you a better price than any one in Seville."

"You are too good, senor," said Angeolo courteously.

"Not at all," replied Angreuz. "It is to my interests. Come, will you sell me your next four consignments?"

"Willingly," said Angeolo. "On the same terms that you gave for this one?"

"Yes; but I think there should be a reduction on a quantity."

The rest of the conversation has no interest for us, as it was pure business, but at the end of that business Angreuz began to see visions of himself rising high in the secret service and enriched with the blood-money which was set upon Don Q.'s head.

He was a man to whom any weapon that would serve his purpose was a good weapon, a cold, passionless creature, who had never known a generous impulse or a genial thought.

In due time Senor Angeolo's mule-train bore the first of Angreuz's consignments across the foothills. It arrived safely in Seville, as did the second, and before the third started Senor Augreuz paid another visit to the vineyard.

What he did there need not be recounted, but as soon as he saw the third consignment once safely upon its way, avoiding the foothills, he took a wide circle and arrived in Seville before it.

We find him again sitting in the yard of his consignee, just as the mule-train arrived under the command of Angeolo's chief muleteer, one Tomas Colon, a man of fifty, who had worn out his own weight in rope-soled shoes during years of journeying in the neighborhood of the mountains.

"You have brought the wine? Is all well?"

"Yes; but I am sixty bottles short."

Angreuz quivered with excitement. "An accident?" he questioned.

"The accident that happens so regularly," replied Tomas.

"Don Q.?" Has he again robbed you?"

"He has taken his toll."

"It is intolerable!" cried Angreuz. "I will go round to the headquarters of the civil guard; I will appeal to the military governor."

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TOMAS shrugged his shoulders.

"Better let sleeping dogs lie," said he; "otherwise they get up and sometimes they are fierce. My master will not be pleased if you rouse Don Q. against him, and for sixty bottles of wine. * * *" Tomas waved his cigarette with an expressive gesture.

"There is something in what you say," allowed Angreuz. "Come, let us unload."

That evening a singular event occurred. Shortly after dark a laden boat pushed out from one of the Seville wharves. On board were Senor Angreus and two boatmen. When the boat came back it was no longer heavily laden. The wine that would have filled four hundred bottles had been pitched overboard and had already sunk into the deep mud of the yellow river.

The scene must now change, and we find Don Q. sitting over his fire in the cave in the black rock which he always inhabited in the Boca de Lobo.

Don Q. whom he really liked, with effusion.

"But this is delightful, senor," said he. "I had hardly expected that you would so soon be passing this way again, but I am delighted to see you, as you know. Will you not join me at supper?"

"I do not eat with such men as you," replied Don Q.

"But, senor, what have I done?" Hitherto our relations have been most amicable."

Don Q. clapped his hands. Robledo and Gaspar entered.

"Have you the wine?" demanded Don Q.

"Yes, lord."

"Then draw the cork and fill the senor's glass. Now go."

As soon as Angeolo and Don Q. were once more alone together, Don Q. turned to the wine-grower.

"The wine in your glass," said he, "comes from one of those sixty bottles of which I relieved you. I am waiting for you to drink it."

"Why? Is it not good?" asked Angeolo in surprise. "The fermentation of all these wines is, I know, erratic, but I will taste it," and he lifted the glass to his lips, and would have swallowed its contents, but Don Q. struck it from his hand.

"I see that you are innocent," said he, "and I apologize for my very unworthy suspicions. I trust I have your forgiveness?"

"For what must I forgive you?"

"For thinking that you were a murderer. Exactly; that wine is poisoned. Were it not for chance, I should be dead now. But there was a young captive Englishman. He drank some and he lies in the chapel of San Pedro with candles burning at his head and at his feet. Then I tried it on an old hound, and he died also. There is villainy here, Senor Angeolo."

"And you thought that I had poisoned the wine?"

"Was the deduction unnatural? The wine came from your vineyard and you have been my wine merchant these five years. But enough of it; I see that you did not poison the wine. Who did?"

"Were all the bottles poisoned?" asked Angeolo.

"I picked out a dozen haphazard, and all those were. But we waste time. You did not poison the wine, that is clear, but that it was poisoned here in this house is also clear. Your major-domo——"

"Is incapable of such an act."

"Then who else has been here?"

"The Senor Angreuz, to whom the wine was consigned. He stayed here for three days before the mule-train and the bullock carts started."

"Ah!" said Don Q. "And who is this Senor Angreuz?"

"A wine buyer."

"Describe him."

Angeolo did so, but Don Q. shook his head. "I do not know any one who is like that," he said. "Where is the man now?"

"In Seville."

"It is undoubtedly he," said Don Q. "He adopts the profession of a wine buyer as a disguise. He is one of the many who have dared to hunt me as the forest guard hunts vermin. Well, others have gone forth on that hunt, but none of them have ever returned from it."

He paused a moment, and added: "You are as shocked as I am at this most treacherous murder. That poor young Englishman! He was but twenty-three years of age. Well, the murderer must be brought to justice."

"But he is in Seville."

"At the moment, yes," replied Don Q. "But it will be your affair to arrange that he comes here."

"I do not think that will be easy."

"Nevertheless, it must be done. You will write him a letter of business. At the end of this letter you will say that one of my men has come down and told you that there have been several deaths up there among the mountains, and that I am dead. You will add that all my followers are scattered and that the man who has come to you has offered to guide you to my stronghold in the Boca de Lobo. That is the bait, and I think that this Angreuz will come to it.

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"WHEN he does, you will light a bonfire on that little bare hill that overlooks your vineyard. This Senor Angreuz will wish to accompany you into the mountains. You will encourage him to do so, and then——" Don Q. paused. "It may be that the spirit of that poor young Englishman will sleep more peacefully."

Now, everything fell out much as Don Q. expected. Senor Angreuz received the letter of Senor Angeolo, and the facts being so much those which he had anticipated, he had no doubt of the wine-grower's good faith.

So it came to pass that five days after receiving the letter he was sitting once more at Angeolo's hospitable table. After supper Robledo entered. He had carefully dressed for the part, and had all the appearance of the hunted fugitive.

In lurid terms he described the death which had visited the brigand camp, the flight of his comrades from the place as from a place accursed and their scattering back into the town to the coast.

"My lord, Don Q., is dead," said Robledo, "and around him lie a dozen of my comrades. The rest—the wind alone knows where they are. They are scattered; yes, like the dust of the despoblados in summer."

"But," said Senor Augreus, "of what did they die?" Robledo gave an expressive gesture. "Quien sabe? Who knows?" said he. "And being dead, does it matter how they died?"

We need not follow Robledo further, suffice it that he played his part excellently, as indeed he was only to be expected, as he had been a decoy of Don Q.'s for more than twenty years, for he had come as a boy into the brigand camp.

The next morning the three men started on their journey into the sierra, for Angreuz expressed his desire to go.

"You see, senor," said he to Angeolo, "it is our duty to see if all things are as this man relates. We can then inform the government."

All day they journeyed upward—Angreuz and Angeolo upon mules, while Robledo marched beside them with the tireless step of the mountaineer.

Black gorge after black gorge closed up behind them. They left the region of the olive trees, they left the ilexes and they passed through the cork woods and then out into the grim, savage open ravines beyond. They slept in the open and the next day once more pushed forward, and an hour after nightfall entered the Boca de Lobo.

Even Robledo experienced a sense of chill as he saw the great glen dark and silent. No fire shone where for many years a fire had burned. All was still and silent as the grave.

As they crossed the space below the cave, the moon peeped out from between the clouds, and lying round the blackened fire. Robledo saw, with a start, the bodies of his comrades.

Angreuz gave an exclamation, "Lead us to the cave," said he. So Robledo led them upward to the famous cave of Don Q. The cave was quite dark; no light burned and in the blackness Angreuz struck a match. The match revealed the body of Don Q. lying beside an overturned table, his legs were drawn up in the position of one who had died in the extremity of pain.

Angreuz's breath hissed through his teeth, and the match went out. He strove to light another, but his fingers were shaking and when at length it flickered into a flame, the body of Don Q. was no longer upon the ground, but instead a soft voice was speaking.

"Apply the match to that candle about you, senor," it said, "and then come and tell me why you have seen fit to pay me this charming visit among the mountains."

Angreuz sprang back, but Robledo's arms closed around him. From the mouth of the cave he could see that the brigands, whose bodies had lain in the moonlight around the blackened fire, had risen to their feet and were moving about the fire which they had quickly kindled.

It may be that the man realized the trick which had been played upon him, in all its monstrous possibilities. He turned, and once more surveyed the now illumined cave.

A small table stood in the foreground, on which were a bottle of wine and single glass and beside it a single chair.

"Assist the Senor Angreuz to that chair, Robledo," said Don Q. Robledo did so.

"Now, senor, I beg that you will drink a glass of wine. It is good wine, as you should know, for it is your own."

"I am not thirsty," said Angreuz.

"Then I beg that you will have the courtesy to pledge me."

"I do not wish to drink."

"I understand, senor," said Don Q. "There is no more need of words. Look at that clock. It is almost eight. Nine nights ago, at half past, a oung Englishman, a mere boy, with all his life before him, drank a glass from that bottle. He died, senor."

The wind, which had risen, blew past the mouth of the cave in a sudden gust.

"Ah, do you hear that, senor?"

"It is the wind," gasped Angreuz.

Don Q. shrugged his shoulders. "Either that or the soul of the young man you murdered calling for justice, and justice shall not long be delayed. I shall leave you here, senor, with guards at the mouth of the cave. You will have time to repent of your crime. You, who would have poisoned me and my men as men poison wolves in the despoblados.

"You have till dawn to ponder upon your actions and to make what peace you can with Heaven. There is a priest within call, senor, and, when the time comes, one of your guards will immediately fetch him, and I have no doubt he will do what he can for you.

"Good-night, senor."

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PLAN WORLD'S GREATEST SECRET SERVICE FOR THE UNITED STATES

UNCLE SAM is now conducting a school for detectives, where they are taught all phases of the profession at government expense, are helped to specialize along the lines of their aptitude and talents and have assured jobs if they can "make good," and promotion just as fast as they can earn it.

The managing director—and frequently instructor—of this school is a man who for fourteen years was successful in ferreting out and bringing to justice for the United States government those guilty of the greatest counterfeiting and land fraud schemes in the history of the world, and for the next fourteen years was as well known in London and Paris, Berlin, Rome—where you will, throughout the world—as in New York or Washington as one of the greatest private detectives of modern times—William J. Burns, sometimes called by his intimates, "Sherlock."

The establishment of this school—or university it might better be called, since those who go through intensive training there are mostly lawyers—is but one of the steps taken by "W. J." to give the United States government the world's greatest secret service, surpassing even the French Surete, the Italian secret service or Scotland Yard, with all of which he has worked personally for many years. In doing this, he is carrying out a program approved by Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, when he induced Mr. Burns to reenter the federal service as director of the bureau of investigation, Department of Justice.

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"THE President and I have known Mr. Burns for many years and know his dependability and efficiency," said Attorney General Daugherty in announcing Mr. Burns' appointment, but that did not tell half the story. William J. Burns broke in as a detective when his father, Michael Burns, was police commissioner at Columbus, Ohio, and one of his closest friends was a struggling young lawyer, named Harry M. Daugherty. Some few years later, while Daugherty was still struggling, there came to him from President McKinley a man who offered him an opportunity to assist in the government prosecution of the land fraud cases. This man was William J. Burns, and out of that incident came a mutual appreciation each of the other's zeal for service which is in large measure responsible for Burns coming back into the service of the American people at the age of three score years.

This training school for detectives is already in operation—two of them, in fact—one in New York to which the newly appointed special agents from the eastern part of the country will be sent, and one in Chicago, to which the newly appointed special agents from the west will be sent. The course of study is designed by the greatest experts in the business to bring specialization in crime detection down to a fine science and to emphasize the desirability of crime prevention and crime discouragement more than crime detection.

William J. Burns is taking an active, personal interest in the training of these picked men from all parts of the country to be exemplars of a new type of detectives.

In explaining the purpose of the schools Mr. Burns says:

"As part of the method of bringing about the very highest degree of efficiency on the part of the government agents, the Attorney General has established a school in New York and another in Chicago, where all the agents, both new and old, are being educated as to the fundamentals of their work. We are teaching them how to preserve and protect the rights of others; when to act and when not to act, as well as educating them in the numerous details of a successful special agent of the Department of Justice."

How many will be in these schools it is impossible to say, because the government does not let it be known how many secret agents it has at work. In all, there will be hundreds, any one of whom is likely to pop up at any time in any part of the world where there is a bank defaulter or other offender against the government at large. There will be about fifty at a time in each school. The intensive course will run from ten to thirty days. If a man does not show aptitude within thirty days he never will, Mr. Burns believes, and so he will be dropped. If he shows inclination and special ability along any particular line he will be given a chance to specialize. The course will consist both of regular classroom study and of practical work on real cases, with one of the best detectives in the country first showing the recruit sleuth how to do it and then watching him while he works up a real case himself. After the period of intensive training in the school the recruit is sent to any part of the country where he is needed and there his training is continued under the watchful eye of a trained investigator.

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THE curriculum of these schools involves study of such technicalities as the laws of search and arrest, rudiments of evidence, rights of citizens and preparation of cases for prosecution. Again, let us call Mr. Burns as witness:

"In these schools are taught not only the elementary features, but men are taught how to become handwriting experts, experts in typewriting, shadowing, taught methods of procedure in taking up for investigation important cases, taught how to locate missing persons and the various methods of locating fugitives from justice."

Keen law students, alert members of the bar, specialists in many lines are conspicuous among those who are now in these schools. The New York school is under the direction of Edward J. Brennan, who temporarily was in charge of the office now held by Mr. Burns just before he assumed the office of chief of the bureau of investigation. Mr. Brennan, who is forty-seven years old, is described by Mr. Burns as "one of the very best men in the business. For years he was Bertillon and finger-print expert for the police department at St. Louis. Then he joined the Department of Justice and became head of the Chicago office. He is a man of great experience and has co-operated with the British Scotland Yard and the French Surete on many important cases. He is calm and well balanced, exceedingly shrewd and always has excellent judgment."

The Chicago school is in charge of J. P. Rooney, for many years connected with the Washington headquarters of the bureau of investigation. "Mr. Rooney has all the qualifications required for a first-class



WILLIAM J. BURNS, NEW CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WHO PLANS SCHOOLS TO TRAIN GOVERNMENT DETECTIVES.

teacher in a high school or college," says Mr. Burns.

Further light is thrown on the sound common sense that prompted the detectives' training school by Edward J. Brennan, who under the reorganization of the bureau has been put in charge of the New York division as superintendent as well as being headmaster of the school. Otherwise the recruit would be practically helpless and handicapped from the start," explained Mr. Brennan. "If, without training, he was sent out to investigate a bank robbery, he would not even know where to begin. He would not know how to proceed with a search without getting into legal difficulties. He would not know whether the state and federal jurisdictions overlapped.

"The last is one of the most complicated points of all. For example, a robbery in Park Row is a matter for the state authorities, but a robbery twenty feet away, in the post office, is up to us. Ordinarily safe-breaking in a national bank is a state offense, but if there is collusion between the actual thief and one of the bank employes the Department of Justice takes up the case.

"Our men have to be ready for any kind of investigations. One day they work in overalls on the docks, the next in a white collar in a bank. And the work is so complicated that mere experience is not enough, though it will always be the biggest factor. The man on the street cannot make a bigger mistake than to say that there is nothing about a detective's trade that can be learned out of books."

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WHILE these newly appointed special agents are going through their course of intensive training in these two schools they will be under the personal surveillance of Mr. Burns. In explaining how he, personally, will pass upon each and every one of these new appointees, he says:

"Neither political nor personal influence count here. The man stands on his own two feet. Either he makes good or he goes out. Personality counts for a good deal. Detectives aren't born; they are made. Give me a man with a keen, alert mind, anxious to learn the business, and in three days I'll hand you a good detective.

"This is the age of specialization. We are going to turn out men from each of those schools in New York and Chicago, men trained in a particular line of duty. What this may be will be determined by their individual adaptability. Some men are being especially trained as expert shadowers, others are learning 'roping.' Each phase of the game is different. We are going to banish the idea of mystery about detectives. We are going to have business men who know what they want and go after it without intimidating the people they serve. The air of mystery that some detectives delight to throw about themselves is a smoke screen to hide their own crudeness. It certainly doesn't help them any to get the real facts or to apprehend a culprit. We want our men to have the confidence of the people. The service we are building up is for the protection of the people."

That the main dependence for detective service is to be placed upon lawyers, and that eventually he expects to organize a corps of woman detectives—special investigators he calls them—was disclosed by Mr. Burns when he was asked: "What type of men become the best detectives?" Unhesitatingly he answered, "Lawyers."

"The lawyers have the trained, investigating mind," explained Mr. Burns. "They know how to go after what they want. With a little direction a lawyer makes an ideal secret service man. Certain types of women also are ideal for this work."

If Congress brings all of the investigating agencies of the government together, as is proposed under the plan of reorganization of the administrative branch of the government, Mr. Burns predicts still further and interesting innovations in the business of detecting crimes. Schools for woman investigators and even a woman's squad in the detective service is visioned by him. Women are now utilized in the bureau of investigation only as they are needed for some particular bit of work. Contrary to the general conception, there is no regular working staff of women.

After they have gone through the detective training schools these newly appointed special investigators cannot sit back and live comfortably on a government job while "W. J." is directing them. He says so himself:

"By the merit system we are using we are going to have the best possible men in the service. Promotion comes only for service performed, or rather for a deed actually accomplished. Our men must produce results. That's one thing that Attorney General Daugherty insists upon. Realizing this, the special agent of the department goes into his case whole-heartedly, for one and all they realize that on their own deeds their rise or fall depends—absolutely."

That he proposes to stand with his men all the time, eager to do all in his power to see that they are paid as much as possible is an assurance that Mr. Burns volunteers. At the same time he indicates his determination to have a gentlemanly force: "I am impressing upon my men as they come into these schools," he says, "that there must be no indiscriminate flashing of badges, no more arresting and holding incommunicado persons against whom there is nothing more than suspicion, no more divesting citizens of their constitutional rights, no more indiscriminate passing out of cards with the imprint of the Department of Justice.

"I am impressing upon my pupils that they must always be within their legal rights and must always be courteous no matter what their duties. In the future this must be a universal rule throughout the service; we want no roughneck tactics. We realize that this is a highly civilized country. The operatives will be graded by ability proved in actual work, and successful handling of the particular cases assigned to each will bring its own rewards. It is arduous work at times, being a special agent of the Department of Justice, and it is only fairly well paid. Of course, I will do all in my power to see that each and every one of my agents gets all he deserves.

"I will always be ready to receive any one who has legitimate business with my office. If there are any justifiable complaints against any of my agents, I want to hear them, but I am not expecting any. During the periods of intensive training I am impressing upon the special agents that they have direct approach to me at any time, that they may feel free day or night to ask me for advice and guidance."

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THIS American secret service that is being educated, will be made economically efficient and of international scope. "It will be the greatest secret service in the world," says W. J. Burns, who has had intimate association with all the great detective organizations in the world and, therefore, knows whereof he speaks, "because our entire system will be of the very simplest organization and trained to give results."

The fundamental idea of Attorney General Daugherty, Mr. Burns points out, is to make the Department of Justice agents helpful allies, working in closest co-operation with the state authorities, city police forces, sheriffs and the peace officers anywhere and everywhere throughout this land. The services of the detectives trained in these schools in New York and Chicago will be always at the call of the police officers in city, town, village or hamlet.

"Attorney General Daugherty had the vision to see the need for such an organization—trained to protect the people, as distinguished from other organizations whose principal work was to go out looking for some one to arrest," Burns explains.

"I want you to co-operate with every police department, with every sheriff and police officer in the country, with a view to getting the very closest co-operation so that in time the state authorities and the federal authorities will be functioning as one institution," that is what his friend Harry M. Daugherty said to Burns when he started him on the job of reorganizing the federal bureau of investigation.

"That strengthens the hands of the various police departments throughout the entire United States," Mr. Burns explains. "When a man gets beyond the jurisdiction of any local authority he is still not safe because he has the United States government to deal with, for it becomes an interstate matter when the thieves and outlaws go from one district to another.

"Mr. Daugherty said he wanted me to organize in Washington a central bureau of identification that would register the record, fingerprints, photographs and all other available information concerning every known criminal active today in this country as well as of the best known international crooks," said Mr. Burns. In this statement he raises the curtain on the second big innovation in the establishment of an American Scotland Yard.

There is to be set up here the greatest mug gallery, the greatest museum of crooks, the greatest library of criminal information, the greatest bureau of identification that ever existed anywhere under the sun.

Mr. Burns, after preliminary conference with the officers of the National Police Chiefs' Association, has invited the governors of that organization to confer here the last of this month with Attorney General Daugherty and himself. Maj. Richard Sylvester, former superintendent of the metropolitan police force in Washington and formerly president of the police chiefs' organization, with Chief of Police Quilty of Rochester, N. Y., are co-operating with Mr. Burns for this conference. The plan under consideration is for combining the present national bureau of criminal identification, financed by the various police departments throughout the country, with headquarters in Washington, with the federal government's bureau of identification maintained at Leavenworth, Kan. It is proposed to establish here one incomparable "rogues' gallery" to which all the police officers of the country, no matter how small the community, could have instant access twenty-four hours a day. It is said that under this arrangement more than 700 bureaus of identification throughout the country, now operating independently, would be merged into one great reservoir of information regarding criminals.

All this would reduce to a minimum the possibility of a crook escaping justice, when every peace officer in the country is looking for him, guided by full information about him, and a force of trained government agents working with them. The criminal will not be safe even when he goes to Europe, Mr. Burns explains, "because we are also going to co-operate with the police bureaus of Europe. And in carrying out all this, it will reduce to an efficient minimum not only the expenses of the various police establishments, but also of the federal service."

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THIS central establishment in the Department of Justice, according to Mr. Burns, will be of great service to the police departments when they are seeking to arrest and extradite noted criminals from abroad. Through the State Department the federal bureau will facilitate all this, which at the present time is a great inconvenience, trouble and annoyance to the several police departments.

The establishment of the rogues' gallery in Washington will mean immediately the assemblage here of records of more than 2,000,000 criminals. Mr. Burns is especially enthusiastic regarding the wonderful accomplishments of the activities of fingerprint experts. Recently a man was found dead in Maine, with nothing in his pockets or marks on his clothing to identify him. His fingerprints were taken, and sent to A. J. Reno, superintendent of the Department of Justice's bureau of identification at Leavenworth. Reno searched the files and promptly identified the dead man as an internationally famous criminal. His associates are now being rounded up.

Another example given by Mr. Burns is where a man was found murdered in Minnesota. Again the fingerprints were sent to Mr. Reno, who replied that the man was a very famous criminal sought for years on two continents, and then recorded as "dead."

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OUT of his own world-wide and successful experience for thirty years, with some of the most sensational and important cases of modern times to his credit, Detective Burns will personally aid the school-trained special agents with advice and counsel. The first great case that brought national recognition to Mr. Burns was what is known at the Philadelphia-Lancaster counterfeiting expose. This still stands as the greatest counterfeiting case ever perpetrated against the government. A $100 Monroe head silver certificate was being passed so successfully that the best experts of the government were being deceived. Burns deduced that a camera had been used and the printing done from a steel plate. This convinced him that the men responsible must be high up in the mechanical processes. He went hunting for such men. In three weeks' time he had located the plant in Philadelphia, but it took him more than a year to work up the evidence. This led to the arrest and conviction of thirteen conspirators.

His really first case of any importance was in rounding up the Costa Rica counterfeiters. Revolutionists, to get money with which to change their form of government, tried to kill two birds with one stone. They counterfeited the Costa Rica 100-peso notes, thus undermining the monetary system. Burns seized 2,000,000 of counterfeit money. He located the plates from which they had been printed in the bottom of the Hudson river and discovered as one of the principals Frederica de Mora, grandson of the first president of Costa Rica.

Then he broke up the famous Bill Brockway gang of counterfeiters, who were doing a mighty neat job on $500 gold certificates. He recovered more than $2,000,000 worth of their product in a den in Hoboken.

Still well remembered are the gigantic land frauds, in which the government was being robbed of millions of acres of timber and mineral and oil lands. President Roosevelt had received notice from the Interior Department that it was powerless either to stop the frauds or to convict the malefactors. Burns eventually secured sixty convictions.